

HUNTING WHITE WOLVES.

Sheep Owners Near Linkville, Oregon, Organize a Hunt for Daring Marauders.

The White Wolf of Southern Oregon and How He Fought to the Death.

Desperate Combat Between a Band of Elks and a Pack of Hungry, Maddened Wolves.

The owners of the large sheep ranches in this vicinity, says a Linkville, Ore., dispatch, have been so much annoyed lately by the depredations committed by the white wolf in their herds, that a grand hunt for these daring marauders was organized recently. The white wolf of southern Oregon is the fiercest animal—not even excepting the bear—to be found in the country, and is a formidable looking beast, often attaining five feet in length, and nearly as large as a yearling calf. His strength and ferocity are remarkable, and his courage undoubted, for he will frequently attack a full-grown cow. Knowing him to be a rather tough customer to tackle at close quarters, the hunting party, which consisted of half a dozen of the neighboring stock owners and your correspondent, went thoroughly armed against him with hunting knives, revolvers and rifles. The cunning of the animal in evading pursuit is really incredible, and after chasing a couple all night, we found ourselves no nearer than before, so just at daybreak a halt was decided upon, and breakfast was eaten under an immense pine growing in a narrow glen between two rocky crags about a quarter of a mile, or a little more, in length, and through which a little shallow stream trickled over a pebbly bottom. We kept as quiet as possible, for the tracks of different animals in the sandy banks of the stream showed that it was a frequent resort of wild beasts, and sure enough before the meal was finished we felt the ground begin to tremble under the tread of an approaching band of some large animals. Quick as thought we had dispersed and taken up stations about 20 yards apart in the underbrush, which were dense enough to conceal us completely and yet admit of our obtaining a good view of the game. We had scarcely time to freely breathe before the low growth of trees closing the entrance of the little vale parted and the form of a huge elk appeared advancing proudly toward the stream we had just left. A nobler looking creature than the elk found on the Pacific coast, with his stately antlers, such as the hunters of the eastern states have no conception of, and his dainty tread and sensitive nostrils, can not well be imagined.

The fine fellow I have spoken of advanced cautiously, sniffing the air with the excitement of suspicion, but he had already passed our most distant outpost, so apparently thinking return equally hazardous, he brushed forward and was followed the next moment by a herd, one, two, six, ten—it was impossible to count them. But before our rifles could be brought to the shoulder a new actor appeared on the scene. A white wolf quite six feet in length, and the largest the writer of this article ever saw, came howling from the belt of small timber already spoken of, howling frightfully, and sprang on a fawn drinking near its mother, and which screamed loudly as the wolf bore it to the ground. This seemed to be a signal for the rest of the band to appear, and they came yelping down the glen in pairs and threes, their bloodshot eyes and gaping mouths, with smoking, lolling tongues, proclaiming that they were hungry and meant mischief.

Inspired by the same feeling of curiosity to see what would come of the wolves during attack, every man forbore to interfere, and quietly watched the combat that ensued. For the elks, which had at first scarcely seemed to comprehend the intentions of the wolves, soon collected themselves, and tossing their great heads began to paw up the earth with their fore feet, making the air resound with their wild and furious bellowing. They formed a circle about the wolves that had crowded around the body of the prostrate fawn and presented to them a formidable rampart of bristling heads. This circle narrowed and narrowed until it completely inclosed the wolves that now began to realize their danger, for they left their prey, plunging forward at a deer, with snapping jaws and snarling in a frightful manner that revealed their sharp, gleaming teeth. But their ferocious onslaught was received on the lowered antlers that in turn struck at them, and sent them howling back for a few moments, but only to return again to the attempt to break through the bristling wall of their antagonists. This performance was repeated again and again, the elks closing together nearer and nearer at each repetition, until they finally assumed the offensive altogether and began to attack the wolves with hoof and horn. For a few minutes the scene was one resembling pandemonium. The plunging and leaping of the maddened trapped wolves and the steady rising and striking of the bodies of the deer, with howls of pain, intermingled with shrieks of rage and fearful snarling, made it an occasion never to be forgotten by any who was present. As one of the wolves, making a desperate dash for liberty, broke at last from the circle and fled down the valley, Mr. T., who was my next neighbor in the brush, sent a shot after him, but it was apparently without effect, and was likewise wholly unnoticed by the elks. In half an hour the combat was ended, and the fury of the elks being appeased—as it might well have been, for they had killed the last one of the wolves—they withdrew, so that we could see the torn and bleeding bodies of the wolves that lay scattered about the dead fawn. The deer began now to betray their old uneasiness at our hidden presence, and we judging it was time to have some sport in our own behalf, sent a volley of shot into them. Three of the beautiful, stately creatures fell plunging to the ground in the death agony, while a fourth, a splendid buck and the leader of the herd, was making a succession of agonizing springs to follow his companions that had dashed down the glen with the thundering tread of a troop of cavalry. The three fatally wounded elks died as we watched them, and a couple of well directed shots brought down the fourth, so we bound them and the wolves to the horses and turned our faces homeward, feeling that our wolf hunt on the whole might be considered successful.

We issued from the glen and took to the open road. We had our attention attracted by a low growling and moaning in the underbrush to our right. Stopping to investigate the cause of this, we discovered a white wolf rolling over and over on the ground, tearing at its shoulder, in which was a gaping, irregular wound, torn by a glancing shot. We decided that this must be the wolf that Mr. T. had fired at as it broke away from the elks, and that his shot must have taken effect after all. At any rate, Mr. T. claimed the wolf as his, and drawing his long hunting knife walked up to it and, stooping down, was about to finish the animal by cutting its throat. But the creature, though weakened and exhausted by the loss of blood, appeared maddened by the pain, and, as Mr. T. bent over, it sprang at his face. Mr. T. threw up his

arm and the teeth of the wolf nearly met in it, jerking him, from the suddenness of the attack, from his stooping posture, so that he fell forward on the body of the wolf. The two rolled over and over on the ground. Mr. T., trying to disengage his arm and get at his knife, which had fallen from his grasp as he fell, and the animal in an agony of pain, grasping the arm desperately and holding it in its vise-like jaws. The rest of the party was afraid to fire for fear of hitting the gentleman, but Mr. C. and your correspondent, watching every favorable opportunity, plunged their knives into the animal's every presenting part, until at last, nearly hewed to pieces, the wolf with one final plunge fell over dead. Mr. T. was by this time insensible from pain, and his arm hung limp in the wolf's jaws, that were fairly locked in the flesh and had to be broken apart before they could be disengaged. Fortunately only the fleshy part of the arm had been caught, the bone escaping, and though the wound is a severe and painful one, there is no danger from it. Mr. T. is still confined to his bed, and though at first fears were entertained that the bite of the wolf might cause lycanthropy, he is doing so well as to set all such fears at rest. The skin of the wolf, a magnificent one, now adorns his hall, and will no doubt never fail to remind him of his singular and most dangerous adventure.

TROUBLE OVER THE CANAL.

Rumored Ordering of a War Ship to Protect American Interests.

New York, Oct. 7.—A somewhat vague rumor prevailed yesterday to the effect that the navy department was about to dispatch a war vessel to Nicaragua to protect American interests, on account of some supposed difficulty between the Maritime Canal company and the government of Nicaragua. There seemed to be some foundation for the story, because President Hitchcock and Chief Engineer Menocal, of the canal company, were in Washington Wednesday and held a long conference with Secretary Blaine. Dispatches have been received from Washington, it is said, ordering the cruiser Dolphin to get ready for sea. Sure enough the Dolphin, which was anchored off Governor's island, got up steam and went to the dock. It is said the Dolphin has been ordered to proceed to San Juan Del Norte. As the Dolphin is in bad condition it is rumored it has been directed to send the Osage instead. President Hitchcock, when seen, denied that there was any trouble. There had been some discussion as to the construction of certain clauses of the concessions, but everything was proceeding satisfactorily.

A special from Washington says Dr. Guzman, minister from Nicaragua, spoke to the same effect as did Hitchcock, said the stories are being manufactured by opponents of the canal. His government heartily favored the canal. At the navy department it was denied that the Dolphin had been ordered to Greytown. Rear Admiral Ammen, a director in the canal company, said: "I have a letter from the late president of Nicaragua, Carzo, who August 1 assumed a position which, if persisted in, would force the United States government to antagonize the government of Nicaragua, for the reason that his requirements of the canal company were wholly untenable from the fact that the dam across the San Juan river, abutting on Costa Rica, is necessary for the construction of a ship canal through Nicaraguan territory. The whole trouble may be laid to outside interference."

Storms on the Lakes.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—Dispatches from several points report a terrific storm on Lakes Huron and Erie to-day. Many schooners are believed to have been lost, and it is feared when reports come in it will be found many sailors are lost. The only fatalities so far reported are from Sand Beach. The steamer Otego was struck broadside by a huge wave, part of the rail smashed in and Mate Fisher killed. Wheelman Rowland, of the propeller Rosedale, was killed during the storm. A heavy sea was on and the rudder was thrown over. The wheel was jerked from the hands of two wheelmen and Rowland was struck on the head by one of the spokes and instantly killed.

Admiral Porter Very Ill.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 7.—Admiral Porter is critically ill at Jamestown. His illness has already lasted two weeks, but has been kept quiet.

Louisiana's Missing Bonds.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 7.—The grand jury this morning reported that of the missing constitutional bonds \$383,000 had been recovered. The attorney general says only \$70,000 remain out, and the impression is that all will be recovered.

For chapped hands, roughness of the skin, pimples or blotches of any kind on the face or other parts of the body, apply Dutard's Specific. It works like magic and is warranted by druggists. Sold by R. S. Hale & Co., wholesale and retail druggists, Helena.

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Reduced Rates.

The sixth annual meeting of the Montana W. C. T. U. will convene in Missoula Oct. 23 and 24, 1889. The Northern Pacific railroad, through General Agent Edgar, kindly offers the usual reduction, a fare and a fifth. Delegates must secure receipts from local agents that they have paid full fare on going. This will entitle delegates to return certificates, which secure one-fifth rate returning.

Mrs. L. E. Howey, President.
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